July 23
1936

224a

Monks Horton,

Wednesday

What a stingy wretch you are! No letter, & yet there you are at the hub of the universe, a ham of wing round you. And me forgotten, I suppose.

I don't think I've any real news: nothing to compare with Lady Oxford & Churchill — about whom I pine for information: We had a very peaceful lonely life, which becomes extremely soothing. I work most of the morning; do odds & ends: Leon walk, play bowls, & cook dinner. Voices sometimes reach me from the outer world: Collar wants to dine; Stephen Tennant want me to drive in his Victoria with him, talking intimately; & then Nurse McKechnie has turned up, through Ethel — not in person. I'm glad to say, but remembering old days. The work to Ethel became the sketch of Lady Ponsonby. That's about all. On Sunday, as I daresay you heard. Quentin brought his ~~menagerie~~ menagerie

over; but it was windy & rather distracting (I hope Angelica's
cold vanished) Janie I thought a trifle jane dry
like a cherry hung too long — like all Stracheys:
doesn't the snap a little? But she's all that
the expert physically he fundamentally. & as gay as a
Jerboa. I think that what did — the French Chic
with the Strachey bite. She abused Rosamond's
book — but I've not read it; & doubt whether I'm
really jealous. Would I be? You see, what a
waln logged drift wood I am, asking you for
literary gossip. On Saturday all the Woolves
come — hundreds of them, & then I change my
skin, & inhabit an extraordinary world. They
talk incessantly. What? about God knows. And
nothing sticks to them. And at last my mother in law
rather like me. But I lie awake at night
imagining what they do at Rexhill. They never
so out without meeting some one from Hongkong. &
if they go over an old house, a door opens, &
out comes the owner, who turns out — this is
fact not fiction — to be foster mother to Miss
Beeton. The Standaughter of the Cook, & Bella's
oldest friend. So they establish what are
called links, & she thought that I'm going two

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to Bexhill to be introduced to the owner of A
Dixter. Bella did feind, a the descendant of
Oliver Cromwell. When the Queen came there
she was put out by the Cromwell relics. —
Said Oh No. I'm sure there were stolen from
Charles the First. No, the Queen's visit to
Mrs Beton's foster mother was not a success.
But why should you be told all this, living as
you are on the height, in the thick, of fame
pleasure & society? I father Lady O: entirely
succumbed, & so did. Chesterbel) dareay.
Never mind. Here, in our garden, jealousies,
strifes, competitions, Queen Maries, all vanities
are less than the slug on the Zinnia. The
Garden is full of Zinnias. The Zinnias are full of
slugs. I just sat at night with a lantern
collecting snails, which I hear him cracking —
upon which Sally Straggs, then there's a
stampede — for she, as I beat you must
know, only her love for Leonard is more
than any carnal lust — if, indeed, as I suspect,
the dear love him as carnally as any
bitch ever loved any dog; so the only joy to
the Sale. looks up the road at Newhaven

where to write & then return. All the lights are extinguished,
2 Selena reigns. Do you see what a blank my
life is — unless I told you all about Honoria
Lawrena, mother of Lis Alick of Alenko. But
that I cant go into. It's a book — so;
Macaulay. So; Shakespeare. So; —
I'm alone, as I is in London, & have just listened in to
the Children hour & the history of Big Ben.
And here's a letter from Katherine Furze asking us
to dine to meet Dr Cabot, descendant of the
Discoverer of America, whose wife is deaf, which,
Katharine says, has dopleased her. And I'm glad
to hear it, for he was a dry old dog, & told me
the Cabots could only marry Lowells. Now they
Cant. Ina this dead. And I had a visit, long
long ago from Tom Eliot, whom I love, & who
could have loved, had we both been in the prime,
& not in the here; & now, necessary do you think
Copulation is to friendship. At what point does
(Come, become sexual? Now I could run on for
hours, but as you never read what I write, — does it
matter? Working or not working is all the same to you. Next
time I shall take a sheet of foolscap, make my mark. X.
And yet I have a thousand interesting things to say. Tell me
what you think of Lady O: of life: of sex: of art: &
of Clives book: & have you seen any of my friends?
I'm forgotten. But happy. And
must now cook mushrooms for
my dinner B

HAMILL 2/10/68

I suppose Jan might come over & paint one afternoon?

Aug 15
1936

Friday

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Might we come to tea on Thursday next – 20th – which is I think Quentin's birthday – instead of this Sunday? I've been rather headachy, & as we have Graham tomorrow, & Sally Stacey coming on Monday. I think – I'd better draw in my horns & have a dull Sunday. London stopped, we will come on Thursday; & which needless to say we look forward with great pleasure.

I think deeper & deeper in Lynn London – I am entirely enthralled.

VB.

Aug 31
1926

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Monte Verne
Monday.

Here is the
Congratulations to all the
actors last night - We
thought it the most
brilliant of all the
performances of
anyone wants to come -
play bowls, the
garden is open.

M

If you've finished Holman Hunt
would you bring it, some time: no hurry

Wednesday. 228

Sep. 2 '36

Many thanks for Julian's letter
which we will return.
Would you like to bring the
Bussys to tea on Sunday?
If so, tell Quentin;
I must see him that he's
coming with us tomorrow.
I think my head has completely
recovered, owing to the party.
About the cheque: I can easily
afford it. Should I have to
scrap my book, or should it be a
complete failure, I would
give you warning. But I've
lots of other ideas for books
up my sleeve. All I mean is,
I would always give you six
months warning if I found I
couldn't manage it. But as I say, my
head is now revived.
so I hope to go on. B.

(a 36 S' Left Sunday

We were very sorry not to see you, but the rain may terrify. I kept Hugh Jones away. Hugh not the wolves.

We should be delighted if you would all come on Thursday when Jones is coming (not Mrs) to London on Monday. Yes Quentin all right. There is the wicked brat cheque: why worked? Because she didn't help me out with my brother in law the stockbroker who looks like the jigsaw of the pale horse. I don't even whinny. When Jews are given the effect is something prodigious. And —

the custom leaked, & the Shepherds went wrong,
& the meat has gone bad today & had to be buried. Mrs Lewis cheek has been better by a day.

Look at this from the Sunday Times. I think they might have mentioned us as they put in George.

B.

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